

The CAROLINA FARMER

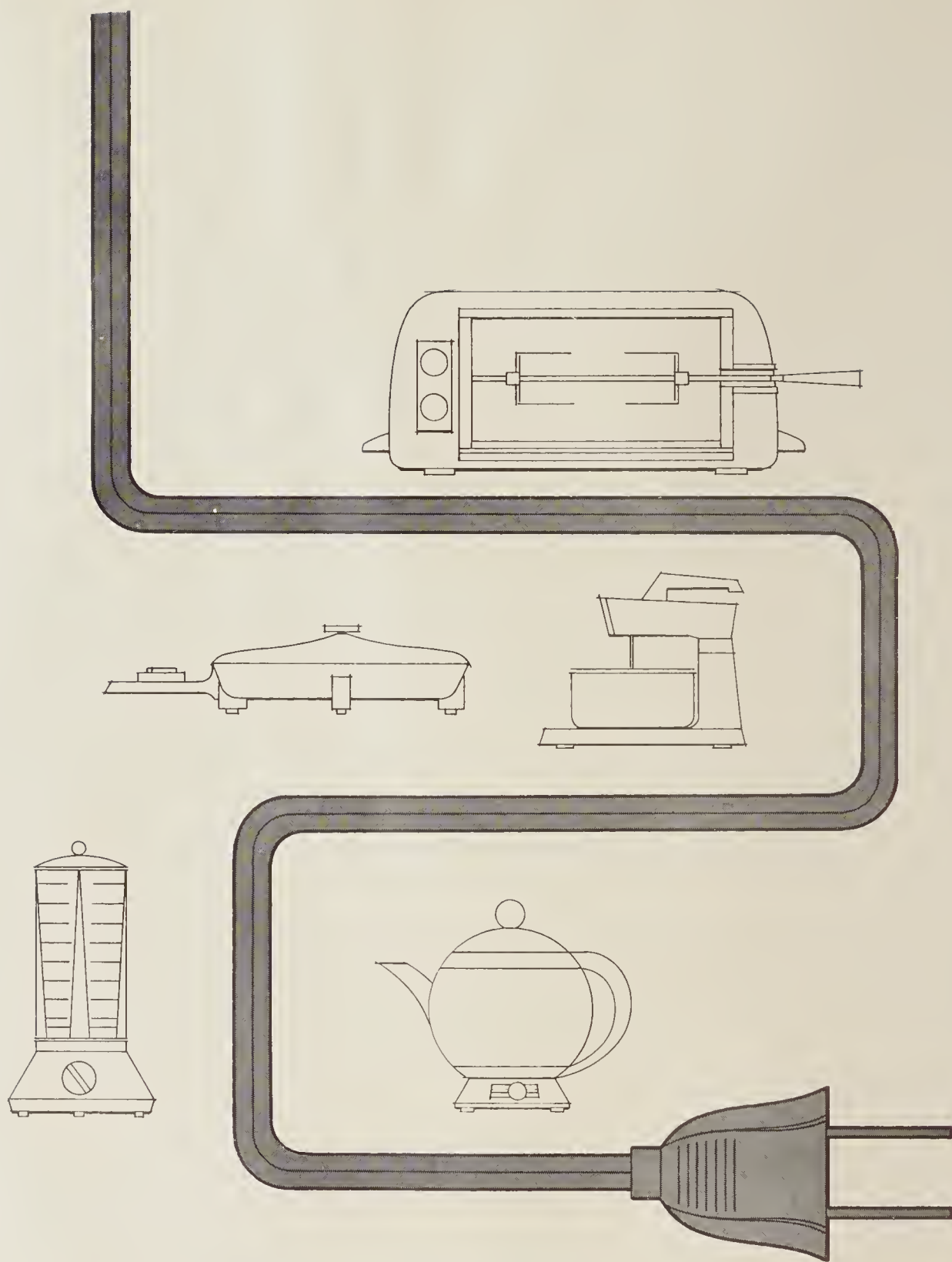
The North Carolina's
Farmers' Magazine

December
1964

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BILL BAKER



What Gift Could Be Nicer Than the Gift of Easier Living?

As a homemaker, you know what it means to prepare meals for a family . . . 3 times a day, more than 300 days a year . . . 40,000 times in a lifetime.

What a blessing it is to have the help of automatic electric kitchen appliances.

An electric frying pan, toaster, coffeemaker, mixer, rotisserie, blender . . . any of them helps

put more exciting meals on the table — and do it easier, and in far less time.

Treat yourself — or someone else — to the luxury of an automatic electric kitchen appliance this Christmas

You Can Do It Faster, Better and Easier . . . ELECTRICALLY

CAROLINA FARMER

Vol. 19 December, 1964 No. 12

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OVER — We're really not sure if Santa uses a road map to find his way to the homes of good little girls and boys. But if he does, he's certainly welcome to use any little spot of light he can find to read it by. Raleigh artist Bill Ballard depicts today's rural America — where "the moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow" has given way to rural security lights. Hope you were on Santa's map!

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Light in Darkness

What is the principle upon which cooperatives are built?

A distinguished American clergyman spoke on this subject at an annual meeting of a Virginia electric co-op more than a decade ago. Today, as we approach a Christmas that once again finds deep unrest in the world, his words are still appropriate.

"Without each other," he said, "we can have neither electricity, nor a free nation, nor even God. Life is a cooperative whether we like it or not; apart from the cooperative principle we die."

The principle, then, is simply this: No matter what the endeavor—whether a church, a government, or an electric co-op—cooperation exists when willing men band together to help themselves.

This ideal is one which has been with us from the days of the earliest settlers in this country and one which has caught the admiration of people everywhere.

But there's more to it than that. Building a church, setting up a government, or putting a light in every house is not enough. It takes a mighty good man to participate in any cooperative endeavor. Not only does he have to hold up his end when it comes time to caring for equipment, repaying loans and taking a wise part in the good administration of the enterprise, but he has to believe in himself and trust his neighbor, too.

No form of human cooperative will ever really work unless all the cooperators have something of that faith.

"Light in darkness," the clergyman said. "Not only in the houses where men dwell, but in their hearts as well. To bring light within the borders of our own lives, and beyond—that is the spirit of a true cooperative."

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REA Board Member

Burrow, reading clerk in the 1963 House of Representatives, was an active supporter of rural electric cooperatives during the 1961 session of the General Assembly while serving in the Senate.

A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with short, dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, white shirt, and dark tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light color.

BURROW

THE FRONT PORCH *by Dick Pence*



Thoughts on S. Claus

Santa Claus encounters some rough times during his yearly excursions to the homes of children around the world. I remember one little accident he had at our house when I was a tot.

We children jumped out of bed bright and early Christmas morning to see what the jolly fellow had brought. There under the tree was exactly what was requested: a barn, complete with a fence and all the necessary animals. A mystery developed, however, when we discovered some little reddish-brown spots on the barn. Close questioning of Mother revealed that Santa, in his haste to get our farm assembled and on his way, had gashed his finger and inadvertently spilled a few drops of blood.

Despite setbacks like this, Santa still was able to perform miracles. Like the time during World War

II when he delivered a present that
made me the happiest kid in town

My bicycle had stood unused for months because one of its tires simply couldn't be repaired again. No amount of shopping could produce the needed tire: rubber was vital to the war effort and just wasn't available for frivolous things like bike tires.

Nevertheless, when Santa made his rounds, under our tree he deposited a brand-new bike tire.

When I had asked him for it, I never doubted but what he would deliver, just like he always did.

I don't suppose I ever really expressed my true appreciation of his efforts that year. I know I must have had a hard time finding that tire. Hopefully, Santa will read this and realize just how much I appreciate all the things he did for me, both at Christmas time and throughout all the year.

GERTRUDE *by Ted Trogdon*



"I just can't sleep on these bright moonlight nights."



TARHEEL RURAL LINES

reports on events of importance
to rural electric co-op members

By J. C. Brown Jr.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE, at its annual meeting recently, gave continued strong support to REA and its efforts to distribute electricity in the most efficient manner at the lowest possible cost. It also supported the right of electric cooperatives to continue to serve existing and new power needs in those areas where they initiated service and are able and willing to continue to provide adequate service.

According to Mrs. Harry B. Caldwell, State Grange master, the recommendations of North Carolina delegates were well received at the Atlantic City meeting.

"I was delighted with the positive and progressive program adopted by the National Grange," she said. "It is a program which reflects the views of North Carolina farm people. Under the banner of such a program, I predict a year of growth and service if Grange members will accept the challenge to do their part."



MEANWHILE, the North Carolina Farm Bureau Federation gave its continued support to the rural electrification program at its annual meeting.

The Farm Bureau resolution on rural electrification:

1. We will continue to support and defend the principles of REA.
2. We encourage and support legislation that would prevent needless duplication of electric service facilities in any area.
3. We continue to favor the present capital-credits system.
4. We recommend that electric membership corporations remain under North Carolina Rural Electrification Authority.
5. We recommend that the sale of REA cooperatives be left to the decision of their membership.
6. We recommend that rural electric cooperatives be allowed to generate their own power when necessary.
7. We request the Governor to appoint a committee consisting of representatives from each farm organization (Farm Bureau and Grange), Tarheel Electric, power companies and state government, this committee to work out a reasonable and equitable solution to the problems of territorial rights.
8. We urge the Governor to provide for a study of REA taxation.

*National Grange
supports REA
at annual meeting*

*N. C. Farm Bureau
adopts REA
resolutions*

JIM Simmons wondered what was going to happen on Christmas. He and Cindy had their first fight at Thanksgiving, when she made a pet out of the turkey he had been fattening up for months. He knew she had been feeding Old Tom, but he didn't know about the "love-at-first-sight" business. Jim had grown very proud of his city-bred wife before he discovered the "Other Man" penned up in the back yard. Cindy now knew what yeast was, and her bread was more than passable. She had stopped talking about running down to the delicatessen when she ran out of anything, and she no longer asked

questions like, "Why doesn't Mrs. Jenner's wood stove burn up?" In fact, everything was going along fine until the big scene the day before Thanksgiving.

"How can you expect me to eat him?" she had cried. "Are you inhuman? I'd choke, I couldn't stand it! Besides, he's so cute. Look at him, Jim."

Cindy turned lovingly to the old bird, and darned if his beady eyes didn't soften.

"Cute! Him?" growled Jim, glaring at Tom. "He's as cute as a rattlesnake. The old hypocrite's just playing you along to get more time."

Cindy turned and faced her hus-

band of five months, hands on hips, her pretty blue eyes blazing proudly as she got ready to show him that she, too, knew something about life in the country. Or at least something about wildlife.

"Birds, you might like to know can fall in love just like human beings. It's been proved by science. They have tender feelings even though they don't look very cuddly."

As things turned out, Cindy practically threw herself between the two men in her life, until Jim didn't have the heart to do away with Tom. After that they got in the car and made a mad dash to the supermarket twenty-five miles away to find a cellophane-wrap

A Pocketful of Christmas

by Florence Virginia King



d, vitamin-stuffed little nine-
und corpse that tasted as chalky
it looked. It was a silent meal,
d Jim felt like a pardoned mur-
rer, especially when Cindy ran
t to make a few noises over Tom.
e no-good slug seemed to know
was Thanksgiving and managed
convince Cindy that he was up-

"It's just that I've never had a
," she tried to explain. "You
n't know what it's like to have
dlords threaten to evict you if
I even try to keep one little
rmless kitten. I thought I'd have
the animals I wanted when I
rried you and came to live on
arm, but you don't even think
s are human!"

Jim opened his mouth, thought
ut it a minute, then closed it
ain. What do you say to a woman
o comes out with a statement
e that, he wondered? It wasn't
t he didn't want to understand
dy — he really and truly
ldn't. To Jim, animals were a
t of life, necessary for food,
tection or hunting. Of course,
liked them, especially dogs,

....
Honey," he said patiently, try-
to explain, "you can't spoil
se hounds. They've been bred
trained to perform a certain
. If you keep trying to make
dogs out of pointers, they
t be any good at all during
duck season."

Cindy's mouth set into a stub-
b, hurt line and she lifted her
nose and sniffed. Jim thought
himself that a man could have
ing more deadly against him
a woman who could manage
ood, old-fashioned sniff.

"I don't like pointers anyway.
y're too big." With that she
up from the kitchen table and
atically tore the November
off the calendar and threw
ay. Jim sat there in silence
e the fat, jolly Santa Claus
ed back at him from the wall.
What I really like," Cindy be-
slowly, "is chihuahuas."

"What!" Jim whirled around in
chair and looked at his wife
he were seeing her for the
time. She had struck at the
of his pet peeve.

"I said I liked chihuahuas," she
uted, her eyes drifting toward
new sheet on the calendar.

"Chihuahuas," he began, delib-
erately slowly so he could keep
calm, "are useless little bundles
of nerves. I wouldn't even use one
for bait! They look like rats. In
fact, I read somewhere that they
were bred from rats—"

"That's silly," Cindy interrupted
indignantly. "I hate rats and I love
chihuahuas. If they were related
to rats, I couldn't love them."

"I thought you loved all ani-
mals?"

"Yes, but I don't love rats."

"Rats are animals."

"That's different."

"Oh . . . I see." He didn't.

Cindy went to the window and
peered out, probably to see if Tom
needed her, Jim thought, then she
came back to the table and sat
down.

"Besides," she went on, her fore-
head puckering into a thoughtful
frown, "you always talk about ani-
mals being part of man's existence
and all that. Just because a dog
is little and weak doesn't mean
that he can't do something to make
people's lives better, in his own
way. Chihuahuas can give you love
and affection. If that's all they
have to give, then they'll give it a
million times more than their
weight or size because . . . well,
that's all they're good for, like you
say about the hounds. I think I'll
go for a walk," she finished
abruptly.

Cindy started across the frozen
ground, heading over the fields to
the woods that she loved so much.
The smell of snow was in the air
and she bent her head against the
biting winds that tried to push
her back to the warm house. "But
I didn't care about warm houses
and steam heat and sliced bread
wrapped in wax bags when I got
married," she pondered to herself.
"I wanted to leave all that and
share Jim's life and love the things
he loved. I thought country life
would be full of wonderful things,
being close to nature and the real
meaning of life. Instead it's just
one big System with everything
judged by what it can give to make
things run smoothly."

She wandered through the tall
pine trees, reaching out to break
off a handful of needles, big
enough to knit with, holding them
close to her face and inhaling
their spicy fragrance. She felt

really lonely for the first time in
her brief marriage. Jim just didn't
seem to understand what it was
like to be jerked up out of every-
thing she had ever known and put
down in such a completely dif-
ferent way of life. She had done
her best trying to learn all the
things that had to be done on a
farm. Some of the new tasks she
had had to assume were things
she didn't even know existed be-
fore. When her comments revealed
her lack of knowledge, Jim would
howl with glee. And she would
laugh along, pretending she under-
stood the joke, too.

Yes, she was his funny, adorable
new wife, but she wanted to be
taken seriously sometimes. And
she wanted a little dog all her
own, something that wouldn't be
expected to provide anything ex-
cept a little extra joy.

She picked some holly on her
way back to the house. She would
have to start getting ready for
Christmas so much earlier this
year than she had before. Fruit-
cake was a month-long project
now, instead of a walk to the
bakery. At least the tree was no
problem. No need to put in an
order as to size and type, or stand
on cold street corners and look
at price tags. Just take an ax and
go down to the woods. . . .

The sky was darkening as she
hurried back to the house. She had
not realized how long she had been
walking. The lights were on when
she opened the back door, but the
sound of silence hit her imme-
diately. Where was Jim? She call-
ed upstairs but there was no an-
swer from the bedroom, nor was
he in the cellar when she opened
the door and found the steep flight
of stairs shrouded in darkness.
Glancing out the window to the
driveway, she saw that the car
was gone.

Depression washed over her as
she listlessly strung the holly over
the mantle. Had he gotten mad
about the complaining she had
done earlier? She got out her col-
lection of old stockings and tried
once again to make some sense out
of the hooked rug patterns she
had borrowed from their nearest
neighbor when suddenly she heard
the sound of gravel crunching un-
der the wheels of a car outside.

(Continued on page 12)

An Old-Fashioned Christmas Tree



You can easily make this 1890's cornucopia for your Christmas tree — with some construction paper, masking tape, and colored string.

TO most of us, the most familiar Christmas symbol is the Christmas tree. Whether artificial or live, highly ornamented with fancy baubles and lights, or simply decorated with candies and homemade cookies, it matters not. The Christmas tree, topped by a shining star, carries to men, women and children all over the world the universal message of Christmas.

This year in the United States more than 40 million people will be celebrating Christmas with a tree. Yet few will be aware that the custom of trimming Christmas trees, as we know it today, is in America little more than 100 years old.

It was not until the second half of the 19th century that Christmas trees became part of our national heritage. Today, many people—seeking to recapture the basic values of Christmas — are going back to that period for ideas so they can decorate their trees “the old-fashioned way.”

How Christmas trees got to America is a story in itself.

Actually, the idea of using evergreens and cones to celebrate festive occasions predates Christianity, but it was not until the Middle Ages in Germany that trees crudely decorated with apples and cookies began to appear in miracle plays staged at Christmas time.

By the 16th century, German families were decorating Christmas trees in their homes, trimming them now with not only apples and candies, but also dolls, confections and lighted candles.

No wonder that in America the first Christmas trees were those put up by homesick Hessian soldiers fighting here in the Revolution who wanted to celebrate the holiday as they did in Germany.

Just when the first American Christmas trees appeared, no one knows for sure. Many credit Charles Follen, a German professor who taught at Harvard. In 1832, he trimmed a tree for his small son, and all Boston was impressed.

The custom began to spread when Prince Albert, German-born consort of Queen Victoria, popularized the Christmas tree in England (by setting one up in Windsor Castle), Americans—eager to catch their more sophisticated British cousins—began to follow suit.

Christmas trees got another boost in 1845 when a best-selling book, *Kriss Krinkle's Christmas Tree*, showed thousands of Americans how to decorate a Christmas tree. Still another boost came a decade later when *Godey's Lady's Book*, most influential magazine of the day, featured a steel engraving of the Windsor Castle tree on its cover.

The Christmas tree soon arrived, and President Franklin Pierce made it official when, in 1856, he installed the first Christmas tree in the White House.

By the 1890's, enthusiasm and imagination generated a revolution. “trimming the tree” had skyrocketed. Two words best describe the typical Gay Nineties Christmas tree—simplicity and charm.

As today, there was on top a gilded, sparkling star. And on the branches were all sorts of decorations: streamers, flags, popcorn and cranberries strung together, chains of gold and silver paper, gingerbread men, gilded nuts and eggs, toy drums, wicker stars, candles in holders, peppermint canes, strips of gold paper, Santa Claus dolls, angels, and cornucopias (“horns of plenty” filled to the brim with candies).



1875 engraving showing a typical American family decorating their Christmas tree on Christmas Eve.



An old-fashioned Christmas tree with paper chains, candy stockings, star-shaped cookies, and gingerbread men for decorations.

Candy played a significant role in these 1890's Christmas decorations, particularly hard candies like sour-balls and peppermint pieces which were the typical "Jenny candies" of the day. The sweets, of course, were placed right at the top of the tree, while the sour-balls were either hung in little bags, or used to "stuff" the gift like popguns and drums at the base of the tree, or most popular of all, to fill the tree's many cornucopias. There were also treasures beneath the 1890's tree. Mostly toys. Some were electrical like magic lanterns or Ana Kato (that mysterious glass box whose figures moved when moved by static electricity.) Others were parlor games like Parchesi, Authors, or Flinch. When there were mechanical toys like dancing bears and banjo players. And mechanical banks like The Two-Frogs, where you put your coin in one frog's foot to see it flipped instantly into the other's mouth. For the boys, it was also roller skates, toy soldiers, popguns, and

wind-up trains. For the girls—books like "Wizard of Oz" and dolls of all kinds, from Jenny Lind paper dolls to the new-fangled dolls with celluloid heads. And every little girl wished for a Mary Poppins doll in the image of the world's most famous nanny.

Most popular after 1903 was the Teddy Bear, named for Theodore Roosevelt and inspired by an incident on a hunting trip when he refused to shoot a bear cub. Every year for decades, millions of these were given at Christmas time to children.

If you want to celebrate your Christmas in the 1890's tradition, it's not as difficult as you might think. For the top of the tree, you can cut a star out of gold construction paper. You can also cut chains from the same paper to string along the branches. Or if you prefer, make your strings of popcorn and cranberries.

Then you should have loads of cookies, candies, and gilded nuts. Star-shaped cookies, gingerbread men, and sour-balls—hard candies

that capture the turn-of-the-century flavor—any of these would do just fine.

You can put the sours in a little transparent bag and attach them to the tree. You can also use the candies to stuff gifts and fill stockings.

Also, your Gay Nineties Christmas wouldn't be complete without at least a half dozen cornucopias on your tree. To make these, simply take colored construction paper, preferably gold and silver, roll it into a cone, and attach the ends together with masking tape. Then you punch two holes in the top rim through which you thread a piece of red or green string. With the string you attach your cornucopia to the tree, and once you fill it to the brim with candies, you have a delightful (and tasty) Christmas decoration.

Then, if you want to go all the way to make your Christmas tree an old-fashioned one, you can try to locate some 1890's toys to put under it. Say, a hobby horse, carousel—or maybe a Teddy Bear. ◀



The Littlest Tree

Bright as Christmas, frosty as snow are these glistening toothpick ornaments. They're easy to make, cost only pennies and the effect is—eye-catching!

To make Christmas tree: you'll need about 8 boxes of round toothpicks, 16 one-inch styrofoam balls (available in supermarkets, five-and-dime stores), a can of snow spray, and some miniature tree ornaments. Start by sticking each ball as full of toothpicks as possible. Use a silver tray, or pretty plate, for base; arrange 7 finished balls in a circle around it. Five balls arranged in a circle on top of these make the next layer. Three balls go on top of that one and, finally, a single ball tops the tree. Cover the whole tree with white snow spray—and decorate "boughs" with tiny tree ornaments.

To make wreath: you'll need about 5 boxes of round toothpicks, 6 three-inch styrofoam balls, red and green food coloring, and a can of snow spray. Cut balls in half with sharp knife. Place halves flat side down around the rim of a 9-inch plate to form a wreath. Join halves together very, very securely with toothpicks. Next, color half of the remaining toothpicks red the other half green, by dipping almost all of toothpick into dye. Let picks dry on old newspaper, spread well apart to hasten drying. Insert uncolored ends of picks into each half of ball. Do one red, the next green—each half takes about 100 toothpicks. For a brilliant finishing touch, spray wreath with snow or cover with sticky glitter.



Let There Be Light

Candles have come a long way from the when they were used only as a source of light. If you've priced fancy candles in shops, you know how expensive they can be. Made at home, they are far less costly, yet just as beautiful.

You'll need: household paraffin, all-purpose dye, cord for wicks, cellophane tape, paper scissors, a double-boiler, spoons, and whatever you wish for trimmings. Molds are limited only by your imagination. We've used milk carton paper cups, oatmeal boxes, detergent containers, etc.

To make candle: prepare mold by punching a small hole in center of bottom, run cord through hole and up through mold. Tie end of cord to pencil and place across top of mold. Turn mold over and pull cord taut. Cut and secure end of cord at bottom with tape. Dribble some wax over top of cord to seal.

Melt paraffin in double-boiler (or coffee pot set in pan of hot water). Never melt over direct heat! Spills can be dangerous so don't fill pot full. Stir in 2 teaspoons dye to each pound of paraffin used. Remove from heat and stir thoroughly 3-5 minutes. Let stand a few minutes before pouring into mold. When paraffin has cooled slightly, pour into chosen mold slowly. Allow candle to stand until solid. Time varies, but milk carton, for instance, takes about 24 hours. To unmold: remove tape holding cord and peel mold from around hardened wax.

Suggested trimmings: sparkly glitter, artificial leaves and berries, foil cutouts.



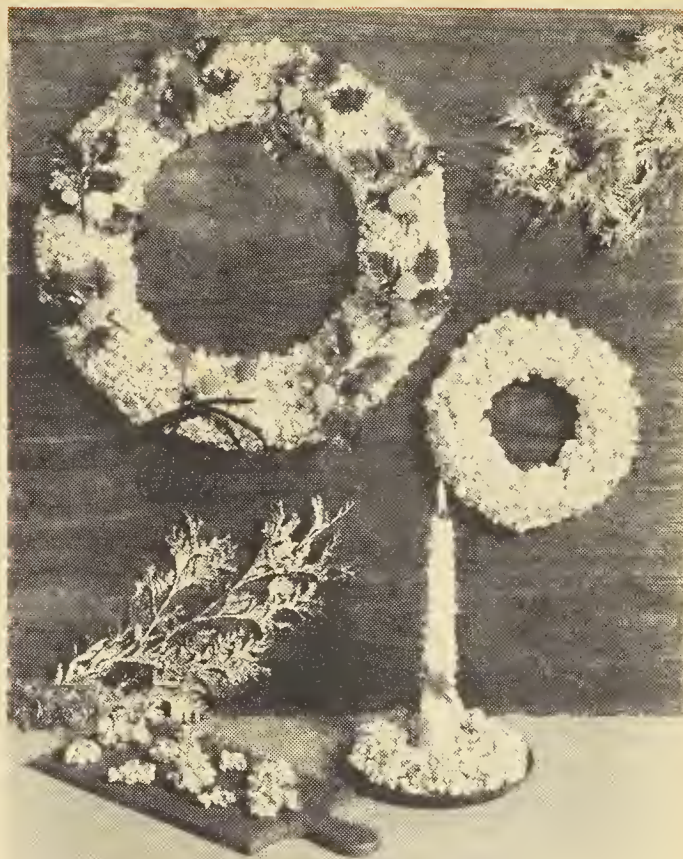
A Christmas Angel

Not all angels are in heaven. You can put a shining foil one that is—on your wall to bring your home with the spirit of the joyous holiday season.

Attractive and easily made, the angel is constructed of pleated foil attached to a piece of cardboard; the effect is three dimensional and really lovely.

Pleated foil can be used in many ways to make interesting holiday trims. A circle of pleated foil around the base of tree lights makes a beautiful reflector. Or make a pretty fan by joining one end of the pleating together with a wire and spreading the other end. Several fans make gleaming tree ornaments; one is a perfect foil to decorate a package.

To make angel wall plaque: cut an 18-inch square piece of art board or cardboard. Cover it with foil and tape edges to back of board. Border it with decorative holiday tape. For body of angel, double-fold a 2-foot-long strip of 12-inch-wide foil to make a square. Add 3 rows of holiday tape at the bottom of square and pleat at 1-inch intervals. For wings, double-fold a 1-foot-long piece of 12-inch-wide foil and pleat. Cut in half. Cut a styrofoam ball for head; decorate with small triangles for eyes and mouth and use bits of foil for hair. Twist a strip of foil for halo. Attach angel to background with glue or cellophane. To hang, attach a picture hook to back of cardboard. Bank with holiday candles and other decorations.



Old-Fashioned Trim

Nothing says Merry Christmas like strings of popcorn hung from the boughs of a fragrant Christmas tree. If you want to be modern yet put the same old-fashioned spirit into Christmas, learn to mold popcorn into a variety of holiday designs. Try making a popcorn wreath to hang over the mantle or at a front window. Use the same snowy mixture for popcorn balls to hang on the tree, or pile them high in a wooden bowl for an edible centerpiece.

To make popcorn wreath: you'll need 4 quarts popped corn, $1\frac{2}{3}$ cups light corn syrup, $1\frac{2}{3}$ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, and gumdrops, candies, or licorice for decorations. Mix syrup, sugar and salt in heavy saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to full boil and sugar and salt are dissolved. Place popped corn in large kettle, gradually add syrup, stirring constantly over medium heat until popcorn is evenly and completely coated with syrup mixture (3-5 minutes). When mixture is cool enough to handle, shape on wax paper into wreath—5-6 inches in diameter for hanging, about 9 inches in diameter for centerpiece. For a 12-14-inch wreath, use a florist wreath base. Wrap wreath base with foil or wax paper. Pack popcorn mixture over wreath base as uniformly as possible. Let harden. Decorate with candies, gumdrops, or holly leaves.

Note: Use margarine on hands while forming popcorn. If mixture cools and does not stick together, stir over low heat for a few minutes.



Christmas Strawberry Cake

Along with one of the nicest letters we have received in a long, long time, Mrs. W. B. Boles of Rt. 5, Sanford, sent the recipe for one of her favorite desserts, "Christmas Strawberry Cake." You'll find it below.

"I have enjoyed THE CAROLINA FARMER recipes that readers send in and I'd like to share one of mine with them. This cake is good any time of the year, even though Christmas is attached to the name. I hope others will like it as much as I have liked the recipes they have shared in The Kitchen Corner."

A member of Central EMC, Mrs. Boles adds that she and her husband live on a 60-acre farm where they raise tobacco, a lot of corn and a big garden. "I enjoy working in the field with my husband and doing my housework. My hobbies are reading, crocheting and collecting recipes and poetry."

To save Mrs. Boles's recipe, just clip along dotted line, paste on a 3 x 5 card, and file in your permanent recipe file.

If you have a favorite recipe you'd like to share through this column, send it to: The Carolina Homemaker, P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N. C. If you have a snapshot of yourself, send it along, too. And don't forget to include something about yourself and your family: the size of your family, what pleases them most at mealtime, the clubs you belong to, the name of your EMC, and anything else you'd like to share with us.

CAROLINA FARMER RECIPE

Submitted by Mrs. W. B. Boles

Route 5, Sanford, N. C.

CHRISTMAS STRAWBERRY CAKE

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 pkg. white cake mix | 1 cup cooking oil |
| 1 pkg. strawberry jello | 1/2 cup water |
| 1 small pkg. frozen strawberries | 4 eggs |

Line three 9-inch cake pans with wax paper; preheat oven to 350° F. Soften jello in 1/2 cup water. Combine cake mix, cooking oil, eggs, and 1/2 cup juice drained from strawberries (reserve berries for icing). Mix well and add jello. Blend mixture thoroughly with an electric mixer for 4 minutes or beat well by hand.

Bake for 30 minutes. Frost with strawberry cream frosting.

CAROLINA FARMER RECIPE

Submitted by Mrs. W. B. Boles

Route 5, Sanford, N. C.

STRAWBERRY CREAM FROSTING

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1/2 stick butter (or margarine) | 1 box confectioners sugar |
| 1/2 - 3/4 cup drained strawberries | |

Mix all ingredients together and blend well. When cake has cooled, frost layers and top.

Pocketful of Christmas

(Continued from page 7)

She jumped up and ran out the door, going around back to the old garage. The headlights blinded her at first, so that she could not see the smile on her husband's face right away. She couldn't hear what he was saying either, because the hounds in the kennel began barking uproariously for some reason.

Jim got out of the car and came around to her, one hand in his pocket and the other reaching out to take hers.

"I've got a Christmas present that I can't wrap up, so you'll have to take it now," he said, grinning broadly. With that he took his hand out of his pocket and a little tan head peeked out at her.

"This is Jose," Jim announced. "Handle with care."

"Oh . . . Jim!" Cindy hugged them both, but not for long. Jose scrambled out of her arms and stalked the kennels, yapping furiously at the big pointers as if they were every bit as much dog as the others were.

Cindy and Jim both grabbed Jose before he could get any closer to which he was ready to do.

"Boy, he's fierce!" Jim laughed. "He'd just as soon try to bully six of them as not."

"Oh, Jim, I—thank you," Cindy said softly. "I didn't know. . . I didn't, I mean, I thought—"

"I know," he interrupted. "I did I. After you went out for your walk I decided to go hunt up Jose. You know what they always say? It's not the giving, it's the getting."

Cindy scrambled up. "Let's get him away from here before he goes crazy. Do you think it's right to have him with the other pointers, I mean? Won't he fight?"

"Sure, they'll fight," Jim said. "They were bred for different things and they don't think about a lot of things, but in the long run they'll get along," he winked.

**MERRY
CHRISTMAS**

just 'tween
you and me



•• by Jennie

SOME SAY that Christmas is children and that the true meaning of the season is seen clearest through the eyes of a child. I have some friends who would tell you that this is so.

You see, it was just before Christmas last year that they moved into a new home with their two small children, Kathy, 4, and Lee, 5. The children had been reluctant to move into town before Christmas—they'd asked time and again if Santa Clause would know where to find them and if the new house had a chimney like their old one on the farm. Judy and Gurney had assured them that Santa knew the whereabouts of every single good little boy and girl and that he would have no trouble getting down the little chimney atop the new house.

By Christmas Eve the house was decorated and the tree stood right in front of the big window in the living room just as it always had in the old house.

THERE WASN'T any trouble persuading Kathy and Lee when bedtime came. Gurney had told them that the quicker they went to sleep, the faster morning would come. And they believed. Oh, how they believed!

When Santa arrived that night, it seems that he decided he'd make a tiny change in his usual plans—instead of putting all the toys and goodies Lee and Kathy had wished for beneath the big tree in the living room, it suddenly occurred to him to surprise them with a smaller tree all their own in the spare bedroom they now had for a playroom.

To Gurney and Judy it seemed as though only minutes had passed since Santa had finished his job and left on his way when, from their beds in the next room, the children bounded into the bedroom. "Wake up! Please, get up! Can we go see now? Please, can we go see what Santa brought?" Before anyone answered, the tots raced for the tree in the living room.

THE MINUTE that Gurney spotted the look on little Lee's face, he knew that old Santa had made a bad mistake. The little boy's face crumbled in disappointment and tears welled in his eyes. Kathy's lips began to tremble.

Before the first tear could fall, Gurney quickly urged Lee to run look in the playroom. "Run, son, and take a peek. Go, Kathy."

With that you've never seen children disappear so quickly. There was a scramble for the hall doorway and then a mad dash for the spare bedroom.

The minute they rounded the corner of the door, they skidded to a halt, bare feet slipping on the fresh new wax. Judy and Gurney were right behind the two when they spied the little tree and all their dreams come true beneath it. Neither Kathy nor Lee took another step. They just stood there, eyes bulging. Then, suddenly and ever so quietly, Lee dropped to his knees, folded his hands and, eyes shut tight, whispered,

"Thank you, God, thank you."

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A soft cuddly Santa for the tinnest of "gift-getters" can be made quickly with just a red cotton sock, some time and a little imagination. With his fluffy white beard and shiny black boots, he'll be a joy to find in the top of a stocking or underneath the tree. For free directions, send your request for PP 574.



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Let this delicate fairy godmother do your Christmas wishing for you! Her lacy dress is crocheted with mercerized cotton and sprinkled with beads, the starched wings and tiara are pearl-tipped and, of course, there is a starry wishing wand. Free pattern is available — just check PC 2528 on order blank below.



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Please send me without charge the Free Pattern instructions illustrated in the December issue of THE CAROLINA FARMER. I am enclosing a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope.

My Name Is _____

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Comment, If Any _____

Family Fare

by ERMA ANGEVINE

Coordinator of Women's Activities, NRECA



The formula for a successful overseas project may vary. However, one woman believes it is:

you + a farm organization + the government.
"You can't do much alone," Mrs. Henry Widdell says, "but you have to be the starter. No project self-starting."

Mrs. Widdell, who lives 12 miles south of Minot, North Dakota, spearheaded a campaign to get a tractor for a group of Peruvian farmers.

It all started when she and her family shared their home for four months with a 28-year-old Peruvian agronomist. Salomon Vise was from Vicos, Peru, a village of 400 whose families were trying to better their lot by working together. These families farmed cooperatively using oxen and wooden plows.

When Mrs. Widdell heard her house guest describe his homeland, she told him, "You should have a tractor."

Vise agreed. However, he pointed out that the people were still paying for their land and a pickup truck they used to carry their products to market. It would be some time before they could afford a tractor.

Mrs. Widdell's spontaneous reply was, "We will take up a collection."

Vise did not know what a collection was; and Mrs. Widdell did not know how big a collection would be needed.

She wrote the National Farmers Union and asked about the practicality of sending a tractor to Peru. The officials there told her to write to the Agency for International Development. An enthusiastic AID official in Lima, Peru, answered, "I cannot tell you what this tractor will mean to these laborers and what goodwill will generate as a result."

He suggested a 10-10 tractor with a plow, disk harrow and tool bar be bought in Lima. The cost was \$4,000.

Mrs. Widdell told her neighbors at the county Farmers Union meeting. The North Dakota rural people decided to raise the money for the tractor.

The tractor for Peru was delivered Sept. 18, 1961. Salomon Vise, apologizing for his poor command of English, wrote his North Dakota friends:

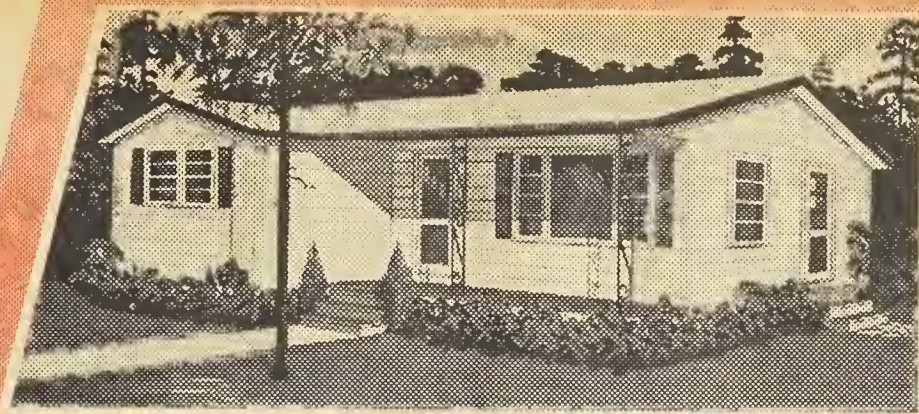
"I will never find words to say thanks because now I know that with love and kindness it is easy to understand. The language, it is not so much important. Your goodness I will remember forever. From now on, I will work for my people in a better way because I have learned from you that with work it is possible to get everything. Everyone here is happy and especially me. Now everyone knows the kind of people that are in North Dakota and the United States. I always think how many good things would be made if everyone worked together with friendship, kindness and love, thinking that men is one."

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YOUR
HOUSING
PROBLEM**

**...AND
THE
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Teen ROUND TABLE

What Mannerisms Annoy Boys Most?

"I believe that the mannerism that annoys boys the most is the use of profane language. It annoys me to hear someone use profane language, and I believe that it would annoy anyone else, especially a boy, to hear a girl use speech unbecoming to a lady."

Frances Ann Cartrette
Rt. 1, Box 13
Clarendon, N. C.

Frances is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cartrette, members of Brunswick EMC. She's 15 years old and goes to Williams Township High School. Frances says her hobbies include sewing, dancing, cooking and writing.

"After listening to my brother, I think that finger-nail biting, bead fidgeting, fiddling with your hair, pencil chewing and silly giggling all fall into most boys' 'pet peeve' category. Stop fidgeting or you are most likely to make your date nervous too."

Geneva Heckstall
Rt. 2, Box 519
Windsor, N. C.

Fourteen-year-old Geneva is a freshman at South Western High School. She picked sewing and reading as her favorite hobbies. Geneva's mother, Mrs. Cleo Heckstall, is a member of Roanoke EMC.

NEXT QUESTION

"How can a girl show a boy that she likes him without seeming too forward?"

A check for \$5 is in the mail to Jo Ann Caudill of Rt. 2, West Jefferson, for this question. Be sure and watch for the answers in the February issue of The Carolina Farmer.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Caudill, Jo Ann is 14 and goes to Ashe Central High. The Caudill home is served by Blue Ridge EMC.

"Boys must certainly be annoyed by a girl who constantly worrying about her appearance. Worrying may actually defeat a girl's intentions because state of mind and emotional status can greatly affect the outer appearance. Boys, as well as everyone else, are irritated by a girl who gives an impression of unnaturalness in speech or manner. Slight affectation strikes the observer as insincere."

Janet Marsh
Fleetwood, N. C.

Janet is the 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ballard Marsh. She's a junior at Beaver Creek High School and writes that she is interested in cooking and creative writing. "I enjoy writing poetry and composing descriptive essays." Her home is served by Blue Ridge EMC.

"A mannerism which is most annoying to boys is the habit a lot of girls have of telling us we're 'cute'. Another one I wonder about is this: If a girl has to have a date with a boy, why must she go around telling everybody about it. Dates and the things that go with them should be kept a little more confidential. It's not something you brag about."

Don Banks
Rt. 1
Marshall, N. C.

Don writes that he's a freshman at Marshall High School, that he lives on a farm, and that he likes basketball and baseball. His hobby: (here we go again) philately. French-Broad EMC serves his home with electric power.

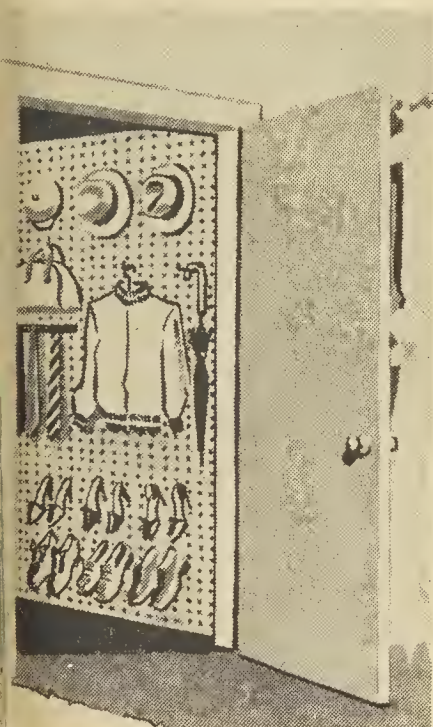
If you have a good answer, send it to THE TEEN ROUND TABLE, The Carolina Farmer, P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N. C. once. Send a photo, too, if you have one, (we can't return it) and a few facts about yourself. Include your parents' name, and name of the electric membership corporation serving you. If your answer is published, we will send you \$5.

If you want to submit a question, send it along for our statewide panel to answer. For each question used, the sender will get a \$5 check. Jot yours down and send it to us right away.



Roomy, walk-in closets are included in the dream homes of most people. The rub comes, though, when they become so cluttered that you can't walk in, or things tumble to the floor when the door is

ned. Such a situation can be remedied with a few hours of work at a few dollars in cost. Installing perforated peg-board shelving is quite simple and will



's a walk-in closet that you walk into! Perforated panel on the walls makes easy and ly storage.

orderly storage as shown e sketch.

get the best use of the peg-al perforations, use $\frac{5}{8}$ "x $\frac{5}{8}$ " er and attach it to the back e panel between rows of holes piece every 16 inches, placed ally. That size lumber won't any of the holes.

s operation can be done be-you install the panel. Use orking glue and brads, nail-om the hardboard into the r.

ll want to determine the on of the wall studs ahead of

time in order to match them with the furring strips. Hardware stores have gadgets for locating them. Mark the place on the wall and design your peg-board panel to fit the space.

Now drill holes through the hardboard and the furring strips, with the peg-board in position, so the drill penetrates the studs. Apply long round-headed screws to hold the ensemble securely.

Before applying any unprimed panels, they should be unwrapped and stood on edge around the room for at least 24 hours before application. This permits them to adjust to humidity conditions.

Peg-board may be finished with practically any material that may be used on wood—oil paint, water emulsion paint, enamel, stain, lacquer, shellac, varnish, penetrating sealer, wax, synthetics and other finishes.

A roller is preferred for applying paint to enamel. Be sure surfaces are clean and dry. Using factory-primed peg-board assures an easier finishing job and top appearance.

Matching metal peg-board fixtures for hanging closet items are available at lumber yards, hardware, department and variety stores.

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HALE!

Unidentified Flying Object

A Naval air squadron was operating from a carrier in the Pacific on a peacetime exercise under the strictest orders that radio silence was to be maintained on all flights. Suddenly the officers in the operations room heard the voice of one of the pilots on the radio snort: "Brother, am I fouled up!"

The senior operations officer grabbed a microphone angrily and commanded: "Will the pilot who just broke radio silence identify himself immediately?"

A few seconds of deathly silence followed, and then a voice came floating back: "I'm not that fouled up!"

Object Lesson

A lady heard her 5-year-old boy screaming in the playroom and when she ran in, she found the baby pulling her son's hair.

"Never mind," she tried to comfort the small boy, "your baby sister doesn't understand that it hurts you."

The mother hadn't been out of the room but a minute when more shrieks sent her running back. This time the baby was crying.

"What's the matter with the baby?" she asked the boy.

"Nothing much," he replied calmly. "Only now she knows."

Next!

A very stout woman noticed a weighing machine with a sign reading: "I speak your weight."

She put in a penny and stood on the platform. A voice spoke up: "One at a time, please."

Man's World

A henpecked husband was terribly disappointed when his wife gave birth to a baby daughter.

He confided to a friend, "I was hoping for a boy to help me with the housework."

Typical Fisherman?

A visitor in a small village, watching a rustic fishing in a shallow stream, noticed that for half an hour the hook was never drawn from the water. "Are there any fish in the stream?" he asked at last.

"I don't think so," replied the old man.

"But you seem to be fishing."

"Yes, sir."

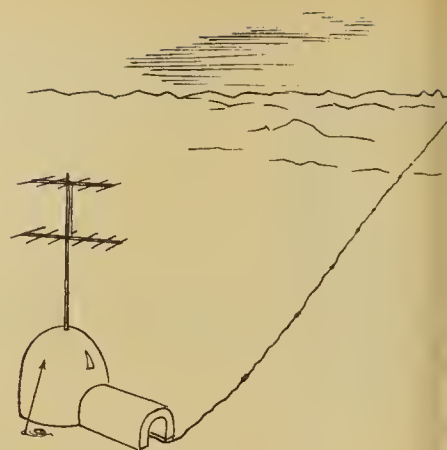
"Then what is your object?"

"My object is to show my wife that I've no time to peel potatoes."

No Problem

Teacher to pupil who had trouble pronouncing his R's: "I want you to say this sentence after me: 'Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit too rare.'"

Pupil: "Bob gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough."



Wrong Floor

It was just after Thanksgiving and the Christmas decorations just been put up in the large apartment store.

As the little boy and his mother entered the elevator, the operator said playfully to the little fellow: "I'll bet I know which floor you want — you're going up to Santa Claus."

"No, we're not," said the mother. "We're just going to the first room."

Late Shift

Boss: "You're 30 minutes late again. Do you know what time you start work in this establishment?"

New employee: "No sir. They always working when I get here."

Fed Up!

A 70-year-old lady came to court for a divorce. Said the judge: "You've been married for 50 years. You raised a fine family. Why do you want a divorce after all these years?"

Said the lady: "Judge, enough is enough."

Wisecracks

... The average husband who lays down the law to his wife and then accepts all the amendments.

... You are only young once and that excuse won't last forever.

... A man has tact who can change his mind but will change the subject.

... The road to success is always under construction.

... You can't get to Easy Street via a freeway.

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